

only as stage props for more lucrative enterprises. The urban voyager setting sail against the forces of nature, a theme reiterated over and over again at South Street Seaport, is a metaphor for the explorations and colonizations of bygone eras; the memory of those journeys is used to legitimate the contemporary appropriation of the city's undervalued margins and their conversion into profitable leisure-time places.<sup>32</sup> A city of increasing spatial differentiation results in an ever-widening gap between neglected land and revalued places, between the poor that the market ignores and the well-to-do that it privileges. Historic preservation and the creation of atmospheric milieus stabilize this difference between types of public space—a state not likely to change in the future.

The contemporary spectator in quest of public urban spaces increasingly must stroll through recycled and revalued territories like South Street Seaport, city tableaux that have been turned into gentrified, historicized, commodified, and privatized places. These areas once existed outside of the marketplace, but now their survival depends on advertising, and on the production of an entertaining environment that sells. "Just looking" at these city spaces remains a pleasurable public experience, but an experience that increasingly comes down to that moment of association when private desires become linked to future promises offered by items for sale. On one level, then, South Street Seaport bears witness to the instrumental and rational production of a public market space where communal celebrations and festivals still occur, albeit in truncated and modified form. On another level, however, by targeting the spectator with narrative style-of-life advertising, the Seaport and other such compositions speak directly to private fantasies, colluding in the privatization of public space. These shifts of public and private spheres are turning the streets and spaces of our cities inside-out. Public ways and communal spaces are being designed by the private sector as interior shopping streets within large corporate skyscrapers, or festival markets where public admittance is carefully controlled. The private sphere of nostalgic desires and imagination is increasingly manipulated by stage sets and city tableaux set up to stimulate our acts of consumption, by the spectacle of history made false.

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MICHAEL SORKIN

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## See You in Disneyland

As he was led manacled away after his conviction, serial killer Richard Ramirez, Los Angeles's infamous "Night Stalker," turned to the courtroom audience and snarled "See you in Disneyland." America recognized the turn of phrase from the familiar TV ad that invariably follows the World Series or Super Bowl. After a montage of key plays—with "When You Wish upon a Star" swelling behind—the beaming hero of the game is caught striding off field and asked by the announcer, "What are you going to do now?"

The reply is invariable: "I'm going to Disney World."

Disney World, a theme park of theme parks, is America's stand-in for Elysium, the ultimate reward for quarterbacks and pitchers, the utopia of leisure. And it's not just America's: through those pearly gates in Orlando, Florida, lies the leading purely tourist destination on the planet, welcoming close to 100,000 people on good days, over 30 million a year, a throng that spends nearly a billion dollars each year. These staggering numbers include neither the original Disneyland in Anaheim, California, nor Tokyo Disneyland, nor Euro Disneyland, abuilding by the Marne. Thanks to Disney and like attractions, Orlando has become America's capital of transience, with more hotel rooms than Chicago, Los Angeles, or New York.

But the empire of Disney transcends these physical sites; its aura is all-pervasive. Decades of films have furnished a common iconography on generations. Now there's a television channel too. And years of shrewd and massive merchandising have sold billions



of Disney things—videocassettes, comic books, pajamas, paper cups, postcards, and mouse-eared coin purses—which vaunt their participation in this exponentially expanding system of objects. The litter of Disneyland is underfoot in streets from New York to Shanghai. More people know Mickey than Jesus or Mao. Who doesn't live in Disney World?

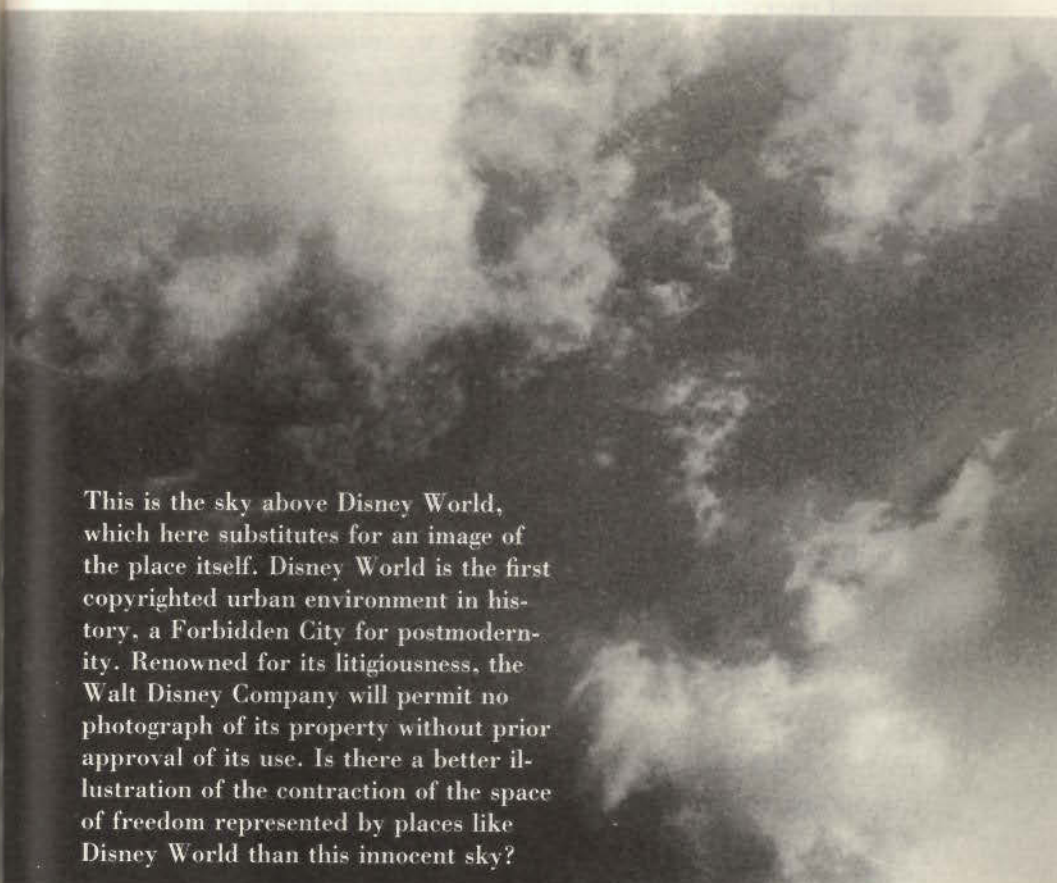
The literal placemaking began with Disneyland. According to one hagiographer, the idea for the park came to Disney in 1938, on a trip to the Chicago Railroad Fair, where he was invited to don engineer's overalls and climb behind the throttle of a historic locomotive, fulfilling a childhood dream. Later, he built a miniature railroad around his own house, anticipating the rail-ringed parks to come. Another myth of the park's origins, much retold, recounts a visit by the Disney family to a conventional amusement park, and Disney's disgust at its failures of hygiene. These fantasies of transport and cleanliness culminated, one day in 1955, in Disneyland itself, the alpha point of hyperreality.

It was always to have been a utopia. Early publicity limns it:

Disneyland will be based upon and dedicated to the ideals, the dreams, and the hard facts that have created America. And it will be uniquely equipped to dramatize these dreams and facts and send them forth as a source of courage and inspiration to all the world.

Disneyland will be something of a fair, an exhibition, a playground, a community center, a museum of living facts, and a showplace of beauty and magic. It will be filled with the accomplishments, the joys, the hopes of the world we live in. And it will remind us and show us how to make those wonders part of our lives.

If this evocation is a tad fuzzy, Disneyland's immediate origins are specific. Television paid. Strapped for cash to finance spiraling construction costs, the previously TV-shy Disney cut a deal with ABC, then struggling far behind its two rivals. In return for the network's money, Disney offered his most precious commodity: the mouse. Disneyland and the Mickey Mouse Club were born as twins. The park was, as Thomas Hine has noted, "the first place ever conceived simultaneously with a TV series."



This is the sky above Disney World, which here substitutes for an image of the place itself. Disney World is the first copyrighted urban environment in history, a Forbidden City for postmodernity. Renowned for its litigiousness, the Walt Disney Company will permit no photograph of its property without prior approval of its use. Is there a better illustration of the contraction of the space of freedom represented by places like Disney World than this innocent sky?

*Seth Rubin*



The coincidence is more than temporal. Television and Disneyland operate similarly, by means of extraction, reduction, and recombination, to create an entirely new, antigeographical space. On TV, the endlessly bizarre juxtapositions of the daily broadcast schedule continuously erode traditional strategies of coherence. The quintessential experience of television, that continuous program-hopping zap from the remote control, creates path after unique path through the infinity of televisual space. Likewise, Disneyland, with its channel-turning mingle of history and fantasy, reality and simulation, invents a way of encountering the physical world that increasingly characterizes daily life. The highly regulated, completely synthetic vision provides a simplified, sanitized experience that stands in for the more undisciplined complexities of the city.

There are more than ample precedents for such weird compendia: circuses, festivals, and fairs have long been with us. Disney is the cool P. T. Barnum—there's a simulation born every minute—and Disneyland the ultimate Big Top. Both circus and Disney entertainment are anti-carnavalesque, feasts of atomization, celebrations of the existing order of things in the guise of escape from it, Fordist fun. Disneyland, of course, also descends from the amusement park, especially that turn-of-the-century blossoming at Coney Island, inspiration to imitator parks from coast to coast. Like Disneyland, Coney Island offered itself as a kind of opposition, an Arden of leisure in symbiosis with the workaday city. Steeplechase Park, Luna Park, and Dreamland established the basic elements of this new machinery of pleasure. Their evocations of travel in time and space, lilliputianization, physics-defying rides, ecstatic relationship to new technology, efficient organizing architecture of spectacle and coercion, and aspirations to urbanism—all harbinger apotheosis at Disneyland.

The most direct ancestor, however, is the World's Fair. These spectacles evolved from the national manufacturing exhibitions that grew with the industrial revolution. Originating late in the eighteenth century, the form climaxed in the Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations held in London in 1851 under the enormous glass roof of Joseph Paxton's Crystal Palace. William Thackeray described it in an ode written for the occasion as

A Palace as for a fairy prince  
A rare pavilion, such as man

Saw never since mankind began,  
And built and glazed.

This giddy positivism also shines through in the inaugural address of Prince Albert, a Mouseketeer *avant la lettre*:

Nobody who has paid any attention to the peculiar features of our present era, will doubt for a moment that we are living at a period of most wonderful transition which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end, to which, indeed, all history points—the realization of the unity of mankind. . . . The distances which separated the different nations and parts of the globe are rapidly vanishing before the achievements of modern invention, and we can traverse them with incredible ease; the languages of all nations are known, and their acquirement placed within the reach of everybody; thought is communicated with the rapidity, and even by the power, of lightning. On the other hand, the great principle of the division of labor, which may be called the moving power of civilization, is being extended to all branches of science, industry, and art. . . . The products of all quarters of the globe are placed at our disposal, and we have only to choose which is the best and the cheapest for our purposes, and the powers of production are entrusted to the stimulus of competition and capital.<sup>1</sup>

The 1851 fair was the first great utopia of global capital. The Prince Consort's evocation of a world shrunk by technology and the division of labor is the ur-theme of the theme park, and Paxton's Crystal Palace made this visible by canny means. First, the wealth of nations was contained under one roof, housed in a single architectural space. And the construction itself embodied the progress of industry—assembled from a vast number of precisely prefabricated elements, the Crystal Palace was the great early expression of a manufactured building. Finally, the Palace depicted paradise. Not only was it laid out like a cathedral, with nave and transept, but it was also the largest greenhouse ever built, its interior filled with greenery as well as goods, a climate-controlled reconciliation of Arcadia and industry, a garden for machines.

Since efficiencies in the manufacture of glass had begun to make them possible late in the eighteenth century, such large structures had come to be both stand-ins for the ineffable and zoos for the menagerie of European colonialism. In the days of the dark satanic



mills, winter gardens became hugely popular places of entertainment and assembly. Those tropical landscapes in Berlin or Brussels helped (along with the popular historical and geographical panoramas) to invent the idea of simulated travel, initiating the great touristic dialectic of appearance and reality. The decline in popularity of these environments toward the end of the century was the result of the spread of railways, which made actual exotic travel possible.

This dislocation is central. Whatever its other meanings, the theme park rhapsodizes on the relationship between transportation and geography. The winter garden evokes distance, the railroad proximity. The flicking destination board at JFK or Heathrow offers—in its graphic anonymity—a real trip to Tangier. The winter garden—the “hothouse”—is all artifice, about inaccessibility, about both its own simulations and the impossibility of being present at the scene evoked: it is not recollective, but a fantastic. At its core, the greenhouse—or Disneyland—offers a view of alien nature, edited, a better version, a kind of sublime. Indeed, the abiding theme of every park is nature’s transformation from civilization’s antithesis to its playground.

In time, these fairs became differentiated. Soon they embraced a variety of pavilions arranged thematically (manufacture, transport, science, etc.), then national and entertainment pavilions, eventually pavilions sponsored by corporations. From the first, these structures, while impermanent, competed in architectural extravagance. And, as the scope of the fairs grew, the ordering and connection of elements assumed paramount importance. Reaching the scale and density of small cities, the fairs also became models, adopted visionary urbanism as an aspect of their agendas, both offering themselves as models of urban organization and providing, within their pavilions, panoramic visions of even more advanced cities to come. The crucial role played by movement systems within the enlarging fairs was not simply a product of necessity but a paradigm for physical relations in the modern city. And the fairs quickly developed “urban problems,” especially in relation to their peripheries. They were conceived as exemplars, and stultifying high-mindedness was a staple. As a result, the fairs often found themselves in symbiosis with disorderly carnivals of more “popular” entertainments just beyond their boundaries, with Little Egypt

cf = fringe developments

doing “exotic dancing” on the Midway or strippers plying their trade on the fringes of Flushing.

The years that saw the rise of the great universal exposition also witnessed a flowering of practical utopianism. Although much of the theory originated in Europe, America became the great blank canvas for utopian experiments. Not only were new cities being built at a vast clip, communitarian citizens—Fourierites, Owenites, Shakers, Quakers, Mormons, and other affinity groups—built a breathtaking array of intentional communities. While few of these enterprises can be said to have broken much new ground in terms of the physical life of the city, they did abet an atmosphere of renovation and reform that had direct consequences for urbanism. The contrast between this positivistic, optimistic vision of the perfectible future and the increasingly degraded condition of the migrant-swollen industrial city precipitated a range of proposals that took increasingly physical form.

In fact, the 1892 Fair in Chicago—aptly called the White City, for the Fair was the urban analogue of the Great White Fleet that was to convey reform in other spheres—represents a summa of one influential impulse. The City Beautiful movement was the first great model for the new city to be born in America. Its prescriptions—baroque symmetries, monumental beaux-arts architecture, abundant parks and greenery—impressed themselves on scores of cities with frequently vivifying results. The City Beautiful’s fascination with sumptuousness, visible order, and parks—with the monumental, “public” aspect of the city—anticipates the physical formula of the theme park, the abstraction of good public behavior from the total life of the city. The dazzling Chicago fair showed the potential for magnificence of such concentrated architectural firepower, and virtually every city in America has a civic quarter, however slight the remnant, created under its influence.

Concurrent with the City Beautiful, the pressure of mass settlement and expanding technology created other visions of regulation, less indebted to formal ideas culled from the past. These visions appeared both in imaginary architectural schemes and in a remarkable literary outpouring: novels about happy technologized utopias, like Bellamy’s *Looking Backward*, with its strikingly prescient evocation of a world at leisure. These two expressions



were focused on somewhat different territories. The visionary architectural proposals—many inspired by the development of the technology of tall buildings—were prompted by the prospect of skyscraper cities and especially by the intricate movement systems that would be required to sustain them. The novels, however, tended to be fantasies about the relations of production, scenes of happy regulation set in a technologically enabled culture of convenience.

These imaginings anticipated the urbanism promulgated by modernism itself, which shows two main strains. The first is the now maligned rationalist, geometric manner—Le Corbusier its main apostle—an enormity of regimentation plopped at regular intervals across a verdant landscape. Le Corbusier's vision has become the icon of alienation, dislodged from its original status as challenge to the insalubrious dreariness of the industrial city and reincarnated as faceless urban renewal and bland 1960s downtowns. It is this version of modernist urbanism that Disneyland's architectural apologists have in mind when they propose it as a restorative.

But modernism produced another version of the city, one more central to Disney's American imaginings. The movement for garden cities, expostulated by the Englishman Ebenezer Howard in his 1902 screed *Garden Cities for Tomorrow*, stands in approximately the same relationship to Le Corbusier's Cartesian fantasies as English landscape gardening did to French in the eighteenth century. The one was a romantic ode to "wild" nature, the other an essay in submission, nature bent to the paths of order. Both, though, were versions of the pastoral, embracing the idea that the renaturalization of the "denatured" city would strip it of its dread, that the reversion to the natural would have a salutary effect on human nature itself.

The garden city is the physical paradigm that presages Disney space, the park in the theme park. Its ideology embraces a number of formal specifics. To begin with, these were to be small cities constructed, ex novo, on the exurban perimeter of existing metropolises, to function as escape valve or release from the tension and overcrowding of the old city. A picturesque plan—the stuff of the early suburbs—was as indispensable as the strict regulation of traffic. Indeed, strategies of movement became the ultimate internal

rationale and formal arbiter of the garden city. These included separation of pedestrians and vehicles and a scale of distances convenient for persons on foot. Formally, the result was generally a single center and a radial plan, united by loops of circulation.

Technology and the garden city conjoined in the two great world's fairs of the 1930s: the 1933 Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago and the 1939 World's Fair in New York City. The Chicago Fair was laid out along a meandering roadway meant to evoke "an evolving incipient roadtown," a garden city. Dispersed along this route—and strongly prefiguring the Disney solution—were a variety of pavilions celebrating scientific advance. Over it all soared the skyride: Chicago was the first fair to absolutely elevate the means of movement as its most visible symbol. The layout of the New York Fair evoked an earlier utopian order, the kind of geometric radiating plan characteristic of ideal communities from the Renaissance through the eighteenth century, inspiration to the garden city. However, New York also boasted two gigantic scale models of cities of the future, which between them embodied those two indispensable ideas of order—movement and the garden.

Both were the products of industrial designers, forerunners of Disney's imagineers. The first, "Democracy," the work of Henry Dreyfus, sat inside the famous Perisphere. Although its center was a jumbo skyscraper, the plan of the city—a constellation of sylvan towns on a green perimeter—was pure Ebenezer Howard. The second—and far more popular, perhaps because visitors rode past it in tiny cabs, Disney style—was Norman Bel Geddes's "City of 1960," designed for the General Motors Futurama. Here was the Corbusian version of modernity, a sea of skyscrapers set in green superblocks, ordered by a Cartesian grid. Of course, the rectilinear interstices swam with swift traffic, cars sailing unimpeded to the cardinal points, motion the fertilizing matrix in which the city grew.

The ideology of the garden city today has been dispersed into a wide variety of environments. Consider Opus, an office complex on the ring highway outside Minneapolis. Promotional brochures describe it as

an imaginative, innovative development . . . a model for a whole new generation of office parks. Strategically located in southwest



suburban Minneapolis, the beautifully landscaped 450-acre site is ribboned with pedestrian and bike paths, colored with flowers, shaded with trees . . . alive and inspiring. Nestled in acres of meadows, hills, and ponds, Opus is only minutes away from shopping centers, sports stadiums, the international airport, and the downtown business districts of Minneapolis and St. Paul. The site is linked to the interstate system by County Road 18 and Cross-town Highway 62.

A look at the plan for the development elucidates the hype: Opus is the garden city with pedestrians carefully separated from vehicular traffic and picturesque circulation routes organizing lots of different sizes. Yet one thing distinguishes Opus from the garden-variety garden city. Opus is an office development, the residential component an afterthought, a few parcels set aside for outside developers to build limited amounts of housing. Given the character of the work performed in each of the office parcels ("Opus gives new meaning to the word 'work' ") and the location of most services and housing off the site, there's no real reason for the elaborate pedestrian links and the careful grade separations. They do, however, "urbanize" the site, giving it a stature in theory that it lacks in use. The pedestrian system signifies benign mobility, a map of motion without movement. The real links are the highway and airport connections and, more crucially, the invisible telecommunications system that is primarily responsible for enabling the dispersed developments that now figure as the major mode of American urbanism.

The perimeter road in Atlanta, Interstate 285, is often offered as a primal scene for the proliferation of this new exurbia. It developed fast. By 1980, central Atlanta had become a symbol of the Sunbelt reborn. The city had a new profile: a classic central place diagram with a clutch of shiny skyscrapers extruding value straight up at its center. By 1985, however, the pattern had just as suddenly shifted: 4.3 million square feet of office space had been added in the center of town, but 7.6 million had been built in the oxymoronic Perimeter Center at one interstate intersection and 10.6 million had gone up in Cumberland/Galleria at another. Perimeter office space is now predominant overall.

The circulation loop that organizes the building sites within Opus recapitulates the highway loop that arrays Opus and other

fringe developments around cities like Minneapolis and Atlanta. The order is centrifugal, about perimeters rather than centers, a logic of dispersion. In such spatial hierarchies, circulation always dominates. First, its requirements are literally the largest. By one standard calculation, 1300 square feet of parking space are required for every 1000 square feet of office on the urban perimeter. The physiognomy of movement orders the most primary issues of architecture, deforming it to its requirements. Like the tail-wagged dog, the workspace at the end of the movement chain seems misplaced, out of sequence, a prisoner of the prodigious life-support system necessary to sustain it in its isolation. This incessant circulation mirrors the circuit of capital—that global chain letter, faithfully accumulating—which these offices on the endless perimeter serve to accelerate. If these new developments seem schematic, it is precisely because they represent, in their primary order, an abstraction: the mobility of the capital that enables them.

The organization and scale of Disney World and the Disneyland is precisely that of the garden city. Located on the urban perimeter, they are, as phenomena, comparable to the office parks at other intersections in the highway system, if sited now for convenience of access by leisure commuters. Internally, they are also ordered according to a strict model. Radiating from a strong center—occupied by the totemic castle of fantasy—the parks are arranged in thematic fiefs (Tomorrowland, Frontierland, etc.), which flow into one another. While the ground plane is given over to pedestrian circulation, the parks' perimeters and airspace are the terrain of elaborate transport systems: trains, monorails, and aerial gondolas.

Movement is ubiquitous and central. Disneyland and Disney World are, in the travel agent's parlance, "destinations." The implication is double, enfolding the acts of traveling and of arriving. The element of arrival is especially crucial, the idea that one is not passing through some intermediate station but has come to someplace where there is a definitive "there." In the larger discourse of travel, these places are vested with a kind of equivalence. The only relevant variable is motion. As the slogan for Busch Gardens, a rival theme park in Williamsburg, Virginia (hard by the first park, Colonial Williamsburg), proclaims—over the *Ode to Joy*—"If you want to see Europe, take a vacation in Virginia. . . . It's all the fun



and color of old Europe . . . but a lot closer!" (Not to mention, without pesky Abu Nidal threatening to crimp your pleasures en route!)

Like world's fairs, both Busch Gardens and Disneyland offer intensifications of the present, the transformation of the world by an exponential increase in its commodities. World's fairs are microcosmic renditions of the "global marketplace," transnational shopping malls. At Disneyland, this monumentalized commodity fetishism is reduced to the pith of a haiku. While the nominal international "competition" at the orthodox fair centers on the "best" of national manufacture, the goods at Disneyland represent the degree zero of commodity signification. At Disney World, for example, the "national" pavilions groan with knick-knacks. These are not simply emblems of participation in the enterprise of the higher, global, shopping, they are stand-ins for the act of travel itself, ersatz souvenirs. A trip to Disneyland substitutes for a trip to Norway or Japan. "Norway" and "Japan" are contracted to their minimum negotiable signifiers, Vikings and Samurai, gravlax and sushi. It isn't that one hasn't traveled—movement feeds the system, after all. It's that all travel is equivalent.

Getting there, then, is not half the fun: it's all the fun. At Disneyland one is constantly poised in a condition of becoming, always someplace that is "like" someplace else. The simulation's referent is ever elsewhere; the "authenticity" of the substitution always depends on the knowledge, however faded, of some absent genuine. Disneyland is in perpetual shadow, propelling its visitors to an unvisitable past or future, or to some (inconvenient) geography. The whole system is validated, though, by the fact that one has literally traveled, that one has, after all, chosen to go to Disneyland in lieu of any of the actual geographies represented. One has gone nowhere in spite of the equivalent ease of going somewhere. One has preferred the simulation to the reality. For millions of visitors, Disneyland is just like the world, only better.

If culture is being Disneyfied (and there's no mistaking it!) the royal road there is precisely that: going for a ride. Whatever else they subsume, the Disney zones harbor an amusement park, a compendium of rides offering both kinesic narrativized (a trip, a fantasy voyage) and that mild empirical frisson of going one-on-one with Sir Isaac, testing the laws of everyday physics. The visitor

travels in order to travel. Whether experienced at 37,000 feet, on the interstate, or padding between Mike Fink's Keel Boat Ride and Captain Eo in your new Nikes, the main experience—motion—is broadened, extended right back to your front door.

Each Disney park embodies a kind of thematic of transportation. Euro-Disneyland, rising by the Marne, sits athwart a TGV line (the French bullet train—what a ride!), convenient to all Europe. Disney World exists in gravitational relationship to the airport at Orlando. Disneyland, superannuated Shangri-la of the American fifties, is an exit on the LA freeway. In each instance, the park sits as an intensely serviced node on a modern network of global reach. The urbanism of Disneyland is precisely the urbanism of universal equivalence. In this new city, the idea of distinct places is dispersed into a sea of universal placelessness as everyplace becomes destination and any destination can be anyplace. The world of traditional urban arrangements is colonized by the penetration of a new multinational corridor, leading always to a single human subject, the monadic consumer. The ultimate consequence is likely to be the increasing irrelevance of actual movement and the substitution of the even more completely artificial reality of electronic "virtual" space. (As the Frank Zappa lyric puts it, "How can you be two places at once when you're not anywhere at all?") For the moment though, the system still spends its energies on sculpting more physical simulacra.

Consider the trip to the original Anaheim Disneyland. Conceived regionally, in the days before cheap air transport allowed its touristic reach to match its ideological grasp (who can forget poor Nikita Khrushchev's frustration at being denied a visit?), Disneyland was not simply designed for arrival by car, but was—like Los Angeles—begot by the car. One approaches Disneyland only after tooling across the vast Southern California sward of atomization, the bygone suburban utopia of universal accessibility that the automobile was supposed to guarantee.

Whatever else it represents, Disneyland is also a model of Los Angeles. Fantasyland, Frontierland, Tomorrowland—these are the historic themes of the city's own self-description, its main cultural tropes. The genius of the city, however, resides not simply in dispersal but in juxtaposition, the invention of the possibility of the Loirish Bungalow sitting chockablock with the Tudoroid. The view through the framing window of the passing car animates the town-



scape, cinematizing the city. This consumption of the city as spectacle, by means of mechanical movement through it, precapitulates the more global possibilities of both the multinational corridor created by air travel and the simultaneous electronic everywhere of television. Disneyland offers a space in which narrative depends on motion, and in which one is placed in a position of spectatorship of one's own spectatorship.

While the car may be LA's generator, it's also its "problem," motor of democracy and alienation both, repressor of pedestrianism and its happy random encounters. There's a school (popular along the learnedly kitsch axis of early architectural postmodernism) that exalts Disneyland as a solution to the dissipation of the public realm engendered by cars. This is achieved by relegating cars to a parking periphery, creating an auto-free zone at its center, and using efficient, technologized transport (that charismatic monorail) to mediate.

But this is only half of the story. In fact, Disneyland less redeems LA than inverts it. The reason one circulates on foot in Disneyland is precisely to be able to ride. However, the central experience, by anyone's empirical calculation, is neither walking nor riding but waiting in line. Most of a typical Disney day is thus spent in the very traffic jam one has putatively escaped, simply without benefit of car. Indeed, what's perfect, most ultimately viable, at Disneyland is riding. After hours of snaking through the sun with one's conscientiously well-behaved fellow citizens comes the kinetic payoff: brief, thrilling, and utterly controlled, a traffic engineer's wet dream.

There's a further inversion. Much of the riding at Disneyland—from Space Mountain to Mr. Toad's Wild Ride—takes place indoors. Driving a car in Los Angeles is at once an intensely private and very public activity: on the road, one is both isolated and fully visible. Disneyland surrealizes the ambiguity by making driving domestic, interior, even as it's regulated by being pared of control. Chez Mr. Toad, the line culminates in a quaint Olde English manse through which one is conveyed in . . . a quaint Olde English car. One drives in exactly the only place one expects to walk in the "real" city back home.

Getting to Disney World is a more intrinsically long-distance proposition, involving a long-distance automotive schlep or passage

through the global air corridor (visitors are presently divided 50/50 between road and air). Let's say the journey begins at Kennedy Airport in New York. Kennedy is organized along exactly the same ring road principles as Disneyland itself. A big vehicular loop defines a perimeter along which are arrayed the terminals of the various airlines. These buildings—most of which were designed in the late fifties or early sixties—are conceived after the fashion of the national pavilions of the world's fairs of the period, modernist shrines whose signifying tasks are engaged via abstraction rather than representation: expressions of grandeur and consequence rather than any particular evocation of regional particulars. This exaltation of the node differs from the more current paradigm—visible at the airports of Chicago, Atlanta, Dallas/Fort Worth, or Orlando—with their emphasis on the seamlessness of the intermodal transfer. Indeed, at Kennedy, this primacy of the individual terminal is purchased at the cost of considerable inconvenience to travelers transferring between airlines, and a just-begun reconstruction of the airport aims to transform it with the introduction of a "people-mover" system, a linkage-ride like the Disney monorail.

The original arrangement, however, was suited to its Eisenhowerian age, an airport structured like a suburb, America's own version of the garden city. The suburbs, of course, were predicated on the preeminence of the family, its autonomy expressed by free-standing structures on clearly delineated plots. In a time of confidence, the visibility of the economic unit was paramount on the symbolic agenda: at Kennedy, as at Disney, the corporations are surrogates for the family, everybody's big brothers. And Kennedy is likewise afflicted with the same problems of transportation as the suburbs it emulated: difficult to get to, inefficient in its internal connections, dependent on a single mode—the car. At the center of the sea of parking within the Kennedy loop—in the symbolic position occupied by Disneyland's castle, Disney World's geodesic or the 1939 World's Fair Trylon and Perisphere—stand three concrete chapels, for Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish worship. Under the reconstruction plan, they are to be replaced by a more up-to-the-minute shrine: the central node of the new airport movement system. The obliteration of the three chapels, of course, also obviates the question of an absence they so directly beg. While this religious trinity may have been sufficient for the American imper-



ium of the late fifties and early sixties, the accelerated globalism of today does not so easily slough off religions classed simply as Other. Certainly, those chapels had to go if only to avoid the question of the missing mosque. At "Kennedy"—America's leading memorial to the great initiatory act of modern terrorism—mingling Islam and air travel would clearly be too risky.

If airports have become the locale of choice for random terror, they're also arenas for other politics. The Tokyo airport, Narita, is a perennial protest site. Located many miles from the center of Tokyo in an agricultural area typified by small landholdings, Narita's plans to build a long new runway on expropriated farm land have repeatedly fallen afoul of the local left, and numerous, often violent, demonstrations have occurred. From an American vantage point there's something at once quixotic and stirring in this rage on behalf of traditional life in a country that has become the emblem of breakneck modernization and globalized capital. But there's no mistaking the power of the runway, a spirit portal of virtually Egyptian intensity. Like an automatic teller machine, the runway is the point at which a vast, controlling, and invisible skein is made manifest. As each jumbo sets down, tarring its tread-trace in a puff of burnt rubber, the runway becomes rune-way, marker of that inescapable web.

Hartsdale airport in Atlanta is home base to Delta, the current "official" airline of Disney World. As with any fledgling nation-state, hocking its future for a pride of Boeings, an airline completes an indispensable circuit of status, a symbolic minimum apparatus of nationhood. Indeed, the world's most succinct and prospering nation, Singapore, embodies the shrunken vision to perfection. Almost no territory, an intense electronic and travel economy, a superb airline, and a bustling airport linked by modern rapid transit to a compact skyscrapered downtown, orderly to a fault, complete with hygienically retained ethnic and colonial quarters and regulated with scary draconian legality, it's a virtual Disney Nation, deftly substituting Uncle Harry for Uncle Walt. For Disney World, the relationship with Delta both opens another line of penetration into the Real World and affirms its status as perpetually offshore.

Unlike Kennedy, Hartsdale already has an automated "people-mover" transit system to link its terminal concourses. Vaunted as a panacea for urban congestion in the hardware-fixated sixties, the

vision was of fleets of small, highly autonomous, "user-friendly" transit cars gliding silently on elevated tracks. People-movers were also seen as a replacement for the freeways—the previous solution—then coming to be viewed as hopelessly destructive to the urban body they were meant to heal. Although people-movers mainly proved too inefficient and expensive for city use, they were just the thing for the more specific and restricted requirements of airports, where exponential growth had stretched the distance from entry to gates to pituitary proportions.

The fantasy that undergirds the science of people-moving is regulation. It's a primal ordering: the Newtonian vision of the universe, bodies intricately meshing and revolving like ticking clockwork, divinity legible precisely in the Laws of Motion. For planners confronted by the irrationality of the city, the addition of computer-regulated, minutely responsive people-movers clearly meant bringing the global-motion net one step closer to the front door. In the space of capital, circulation is politics: its foregrounding at places like Disneyland is analogous to the barrierless vision of free trade that sparked the fairs of the nineteenth century. The driverless people-mover—its motions seemingly dictated by the invisible hand, mechanical creature of supply and demand—is symbol of this economic fantasy of perfect self-government.

On the Hartsdale people-mover, the recorded voice that signals the stops along the loop was originally female. Held to lack authority, it was changed, not to a male voice but to an electronic androgyne. This, then, is a welcome, the signal of an unspecifiable presentness of the system. Gliding to a stop, the car murmurs, "The next stop is terminal A. The color-coded maps and signs in this vehicle match the colors in the terminal." Indeed, the airport has become ("deregulation" notwithstanding) perhaps the most intensively regulated zone of common experience, a more visible version of the more discrete, concealed governings of the Disney Zones. The combined threats of narcotics and terror have given rise to unprecedented levels of policing and surveillance. Credit and passport checks, magnetic screening, irradiation of luggage, baleful agents vetting security "profiles," sniffer dogs: such are the quotidian experiences of air travel. Indeed, every year over a billion people pass through the airport security apparatus, terrified and terribly safe all at once.



The global corridor is the modern Panopticon, seething with surveillance. The genius of this system is, however, not just the drill but the invitation, the willingness of its subjects to participate. Take Williams Island, a typical upper-income enclaved community in Miami, advertised by spokesperson Sophia Loren as the "Florida Riviera." Williams offers at least a triple pitch. Its architectural centerpiece is indeed a complex of buildings meant to evoke Portofino or Saint Tropez, all tile roofs, waterside cafes, and bobbing boats. There's also an idealized movement system, consisting of footways and golf carts. In the context of the successive transformations of the garden city, the golf cart is an interesting modification. The cart's the ultimate reconciliation of machine and garden, a benign transport indigenous to leisure. And the golf course itself is a state of nature apt to the age: a vast acreage of greenery scrupulously regulated to support a network of tiny, shallow holes.

But security is the main feature. The first checkpoint at Williams Island is on the far side of a bridge from the mainland. Residents, once recognized, are admitted with a wave. Visitors undergo further scrutiny, and are directed along a succession of additional checkpoints. At buildings' edge, security becomes high-tech. Each resident of the complex has an electronic pass, like a credit card. To move through the sequence of security locks, he or she must insert the card in a slot. A central computer verifies the pass and opens the door. At the same time, a record of the cardholder's movement is printed out at the main guard post. Like the air traveler, the resident submits to an elaborate system of surveillance with the ultimate rationale of self-protection. Here, however, the surrender of privacy is a privilege. Moving through Williams Island recapitulates the larger experience of moving through the global corridor. The security checks, the certifying credit cards and passports, the disciplined, carefully segmented movements, the ersatz geography, the grafted cachet—this is Disneyville.

Arriving at Orlando airport offers the Disney-bound a hint of things to come. There's a brief people-mover ride from satellite to main terminal and a welter of advertising and Disney Reps in the main lobby. However, the cocooning shroud of automated movement stops at the main entrance. To get from the airport to Disney World, a car is required. Indeed, the only way to arrive at Disney

World is by road. This obliges a key ritual of the corridor: the modulation of the means of movement. At the entrance to Disney, the process is inverted: one passes through a customslike toll barrier, thence to relinquish one's car to hotel, campsite, or day-tripper's parking lots and enter the system. The toll booth is also the limit of a monetary zone: within Disney World, visitors can pay either with conventional instruments or with "Disney Dollars." These—exchangeable for U.S. dollars one to one—confer absolutely no advantage, no discount, no speculative hedge. They do, however, concretize and differentiate the experience of exchange and boost the counterfeit aura of foreign-ness.

Visitors are welcomed by the mouse. Mickey—hairless, sexless, and harmless—is a summary: as Disney once put it, "Mickey is a *clean* mouse." Talk about a constructed subject—Mickey stands in the same relationship to human subjectivity as Disneyland does to urbanity. Rigorously and completely manipulated, the mouse's outward appearance is affective and cute. As a gloss on human speech, locomotion, and appearance, the mouse offers pratfalling, loopy variation. As an epistemology, Mickey sees things as we do. Mickey, like most cartoon characters, circulates in the cartoon state of nature, a place which collapses the best of Hobbes and Rousseau, a place where life's inevitable brutishness is always played for laughs, where impulses need not be censored because they are ultimately without consequences. The mechanical mouse, product of the animator's assembly line, also confirms a key switch: at Disney, nature is appearance, machine is reality.

Just as the image of the mouse on a million plastic souvenirs confers aura and legitimacy on them, so the vestiges of utopia in the Disney space certifies them as more than amusement parks. For Disneyzone—Disneyland, Disney World, and all the other Disney places—is also a state of nature, offering the fecund communism of abundance and leisure, a true technocratic postindustrial utopia. The industrial army, raised in the nineteenth century and rationalized in the twentieth, is, at Disneyzone, not dispersed but converted to a vast leisure army, sacrificing nothing in regimentation and discipline as it consumes its Taylorized fun. Disneyzone completes the circuit of world's fairism by converting the celebration of production into the production of celebration. The pivot on which this transformation turns is the essential alienation of the



producer-turned-consumer, his or her dance to the routines of someone else's imagining.

The need for the efficient production of leisure activities has certainly not escaped the official strategizers of our collective future. In his 1976 *Between Two Ages*, Zbigniew Brzezinski warned his patrons of the exigencies to be faced in the coming "technotronic society." Describing the relationship between employers, labor, and the market in this new order, Brzezinski writes that "in the emerging new society questions relating to the obsolescence of skills security, vacations, leisure, and profit-sharing dominate the relationship, and the psychic well-being of millions of relatively secure but potentially aimless lower-middle-class blue-collar workers becomes a growing problem."<sup>2</sup>

The relation between work and leisure is part of the conceptual problematic that kept Disney's most ambitious, most conventionalized, utopian vision, the Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow (Epcot) from full fruition. Epcot was prompted by a number of impulses, one of them the literal realization of a full-scale version of the kind of well-regulated one-dimensional urbanism proposed in model form at the 1939 Fair. Perhaps more strongly motivating, however, was Disney's widely reported frustration at events in Anaheim. Like so many world's fairs, Disneyland was beleaguered by an undisciplined periphery: the huge success of the park prompted developers to buy up miles of surrounding countryside, which was promptly converted to a regulationless tangle of hotels and low commerce. For Disney the frustration was double. First, at the millions lost to others who were housing his visitors. (In the first ten years, Disneyland took in \$273 million, the peripherals \$555 million). And second, the disorder of it all, the sully of his vision by a sea of sleaze.

Redress, utopia's wellspring, was thus a major motivator for Disney's next go. With guile and stealth he accumulated 28,000 acres of land near Orlando, Florida, for Disney World and its subset Epcot. As intended, the scheme was to embrace both theme park (a clone of Anaheim) and a full-blown community, initially to house his own workers, eventually to include such additional industrial and residential development as he was able to attract. Spake Disney, "Epcot will always be in a state of becoming. It will never cease to be a living blueprint of the future, where people will live a life

they can't find anywhere else in the world today." Disney was able to extract extraordinary, unprecedented concessions from the government of Florida, assuring him of virtually complete sovereignty (including rights of policing, taxation, and administration, and freedom from environmental controls) over his domain.

Unfortunately, death intervened before Disney was able to materialize his dream. Its realization was left in the hands of his successors, whose view of the matter was somewhat more jaundiced. Instead of a full-blown "community," Epcot was reduced to the status of simply another theme park. Indeed, it was to become the Disney empire's most literally world's-fairian incarnation. Organized according to the familiar schema—initiatory "main street," loop of attractions—it directly reproduced the components of its predecessor fairs. Materializing the covert agenda of previous Disney Main Streets (where the ITT pavilion lurks behind the malt-shoppe facade), its main street is flanked by the pavilions of major U.S. corporations, each housing some version of a "ride" through a halcyon future. The GM pavilion with its ode to the car also offers up the Epcot theme song, the remorselessly repeated "It's a small world after all." The loop holds the pavilions of eight elected (and subsidizing) nations, an array projecting a sufficient (one from Asia, one from Latin America . . . ) compendium of national diversity.

Even Epcot's symbol—a large geodesic sphere—is received. Its lineage proceeds backwards to the tacky Unisphere of the 1964 New York Fair (in which Disney participation was considerable—including an early Animatronic Abe Lincoln) and to Unisphere's own source, the mesmerizing Perisphere that accompanied the complementingly vertical Trylon to the 1939 Fair. In fact, the line extends—via the biospheres of the nineteenth century—back at least as far as the eighteenth-century French architect Boullée's proposal for a vast spherical cenotaph to Isaac Newton, its interior daubed with stars, a representation of the universe which Newton's mechanics had made so newly comprehensible. Epcot's ball is a degenerate—if still viable—totem of universality. In commercials, Mickey stands atop it, waving, an anticolossus.

It somehow seems inevitable that this puny organ of Brzezinskian "psychic well-being" should stand in for the more literal variety that Disney's fuller first vision (actual homes, actual factories) represents. The two possibilities are clearly antithetical, the one destined to annihilate the other. After all, utopia is illusory, a



representation. The careful structure of entertainment and social relations (nominal egalitarianism with segmenting opportunities: meals at up- and downscale restaurants; at night you sleep with your class at hostelrys ranging from modest to luxe) at Disneyworld relinquishes its power to draw if it fails as an alternative to daily life.

The Disney strategy, then, inscribes utopia on the terrain of the familiar and vice versa. The economy of its representations depends on a careful calculus of degrees of difference. Like any other consumer operation, it thrives on algorithms of both the desirable and the attainable. Thus, its images never really innovate, they intensify and reduce, winnowing complexity in the name of both quick access and easy digestibility. What's being promoted is not the exceptional but rather the paranormal. Just like the real thing, only better.

In an essay on montage, the Soviet film maker Lev Kuleshov describes a scene shot in the early 1920s with the actors Khokhlova and Obolensky:

Khokhlova is walking along Petrov Street in Moscow near the "Mos-torg" store. Obolensky is walking along the embankment of the Moscow River—at a distance of about two miles away. They see each other, smile, and begin to walk toward one another. Their meeting is filmed at the Boulevard Prechistensk. This boulevard is in an entirely different section of the city. They clasp hands, with Gogol's monument as a background, and look—at the White House!—for at this point, we cut in a segment from an American film, *The White House in Washington*. In the next shot they are once again on the Boulevard Prechistensk. Deciding to go farther, they leave and climb up the enormous staircase of the Cathedral of Christ the Savior. We film them, edit the film, and the result is that they are seen walking up the steps of the White House. For this we used no trick, no double exposure: the effect was achieved solely by the organization of the material through its cinematic treatment. This particular scene demonstrated the incredible potency of montage, which actually appeared so powerful that it was able to alter the very essence of the material.<sup>3</sup>

Kuleshov called this technique "creative geography." Like gene-splicing, the point is to create a new organism from the substance of the old. Indeed, in another famous experiment, Kuleshov used

the technique to "fabricate" a new, recombinant woman, from fragments of several "other" women. The question here is whether the perpetrator is Prometheus or Frankenstein. To distinguish monstrosity from coherence, the practice of montage—and the practice of urbanism, its three-dimensional equivalent—requires a theory of juxtaposition. For the cinema, the theory is either about narrative or its interruption, about a sequence of images bound to time. Montage begs the question of the logic of this arrangement. The city is also joined in sequence. Both its construction and its politics devolve on principles of aggregation. The idealization of such principles creates utopia.

As a utopia, Disneyland's innovation lies not in its fantasy of regulation but in the elision of its place-making. Disneyland is the Holy See of creative geography, the place where the ephemeral reality of the cinema is concretized into the stuff of the city. It should come as no surprise that the most succinct manifestation to date of this crossover is the "Disney-MGM Studios" theme park, recently opened at Disney World. Here, the agenda of dislocated authenticity is carried back to its point of origin. The attraction (much indebted to its precursor Universal Studios Tour back in Los Angeles, now also in Orlando) is explicitly about movies, both the space of their realization (the "studio") and about the particular narrative spaces of particular movies.

Although the attraction is in Florida, at Disney World, and although its recreational agenda is precisely to purvey "creative geography," Disney-MGM is at pains to locate itself in a particularly referential space: Hollywood, the locus classicus of movie-making. Main Street's axial introduction is accomplished with an imaginative recasting of Hollywood Boulevard, heavy on the deco. Visitors enter through a gateway borrowed from the now-incinerated Pan-Pacific Auditorium, past a replica of the famous Crossroads of the World tower, a reincarnate Brown Derby, and a welter of familiar Los Angeles architecture, here scaled down and aggregated with an urbanity unknown at the unedited source.

At the head of this axis stands a re-created Grauman's Chinese. No longer exactly a movie palace, however, it's the queuing zone for the main event at the theme park, the Great Movie Ride, a forty-two-minute trip through scenes from well-known Disney and MGM movies, recreated by Animatronic robots. This is a fabulously compact rendition of the larger experience of Disneyfication, the



suspension of the visitor in a serially realized apparatus of simulation. Like the global-corridor traveler, the visitor is propelled past a series of summary tableaux which stand in for some larger, sloughed-off, memory of reality. Of course, the Great Movie Ride goes the system one better, mechanically reproducing a mechanical reproduction.

One of the main effects of Disneyfication is the substitution of recreation for work, the production of leisure according to the routines of industry. Now, one of the products of postindustrialism is not simply the liberation of vast amounts of problematic leisure time, it's the reinvention of labor as spectacle, what Dean MacCannell has called "involutional differentiation." The positivist mythos having withered, culture turns in on itself, simply aestheticizing its internal operations, romanticizing especially those bygone. The tourist travels the world to see the wigged baker at the simulacrum of Colonial Williamsburg drawing hot-cross buns from an "authentic" brick oven or the Greek fisherman on the quay on Mykonos, mending his photogenic nets, or the Animatronic Gene Kelly "singing in the rain."

At the movie theme park this spectacle is multiplied. The "work" at Disney World is, of course, entertainment. The 26,000 employees of the place are all considered by management to be "cast-members." Transforming workers to actors presumably transforms their work into play. This plugs nicely into a familiar mode, an endless staple of the talk-show circuit: the performance of some overcompensated Hollywood sybarite talking about his or her "work" as if the activity were somehow comparable to the labors of the assembly line. It's the same grotesque operation found in the seasonal public negotiations (with frequent strikes) of overpaid sports figures which create a themed version of "old-fashioned" labor relations, rendering union-management relations ridiculous by exaggeration.

But the most important aim of this inversion is not to encourage delusional thinking by some harried cafeteria worker at Disney. It's rather to invent the empire of leisure that still differentiates Disneyworld from everyday life. Visitors to the Disney parks, polled about what they like best, cite first the cleanliness, next the friendliness of the employees. This is surely the redemption of the ind-

ustrial metropolis: hygienic, staffed with unalienated workers apparently enjoying their contributions to the happy collectivity. The movie ride takes this theory of labor a logical step further. One imagines, to begin with, that the Gene Kelly automaton is working for considerably less than scale. The representation goes the "ideal" worker one better: entertaining itself—fun in the first place—has been fully automated.

Consider a further recursion. In all likelihood, as the tram rolls through the Animatronic Temple of Doom, a hundred video-cams whirringly record the "event" for later consumption at home. That tape is an astonishing artifact, unprecedented in human history. If postmodern culture can be said to be about the weaving of ever more elaborate fabrics of simulation, about successive displacements of "authentic" signifiers, then the Japanese family sitting in front of the Sony back in Nagasaki, watching their home videos of the Animatronic re-creation of the creative geography of a Hollywood "original," all recorded at a simulacrum of Hollywood in central Florida, must be said to have achieved a truly weird apotheosis of raw referentiality. Interestingly, several years ago, the inventor Nolan Bushnell proposed a further efficiency in this circuit. His notion was to place little self-propelled robots, each with a video eye, in major tourist cities—Paris, Rome, London, perhaps even Disney World. These could then be driven around by folks in Phoenix or Dubuque, giving them the experience of prowling the Champs Elysée, Regent Street, or the Via Veneto, without actually leaving home. But this is just an incremental advance, economizing only on human mobility, still premised on an old notion of the superiority of old-style "reality."

Disney's ahead of this. The Disney-MGM studio tour offers a third order of re-creation, another involuted riff on the nature of place. Part of the complex is a functioning movie studio, affording visitors the authentic frisson of a brush with living stars, an actual "production." Strolling the backlot, tourists might pass down a set for a New York City street. Although this set is constructed in the same way and with the same creatively interpolative geography as nearby "Hollywood Boulevard," the spectator's relationship to it is different. Success here depends on the apprehension of this space not primarily as a zone of leisure (as on the Great Movie Ride or the stroll down the Boulevard) but as a workplace. It's another



order of tourism, like watching the muffin-bakers and glass-blowers at Colonial Williamsburg, the addition of the pleasures of voyeurism to those of mere recreation.

If visitors are permitted the pleasure of circulating "backstage" at the movie studio, there's yet a further backstage that remains inaccessible. In true rational modernist fashion, the Disney parks are built on giant platforms. Underneath the attractions, a labyrinth of tunnels provides service and staff circulation for the public activities above. These areas are strictly off limits to visitors although they're often discussed in publicity as one of the keys to Disney's marvelous efficiency, and photographs—daffy shots of giant Mickey Mice padding down fluorescent-lit concrete corridors—are widely disseminated. This subterranean space inevitably conjures up other, more dystopian images, most notably the underworld in Lang's *Metropolis*, its workers trapped in carceral caverns dancing their robotic ballet like Martha Graham on Thorazine.

But—perhaps in part because a man in a mouse costume is a more genial image of dehumanization than a prole in chains—this "servant space" (in Louis Kahn's locution) has a generally happier reputation. It is, in fact, what makes Disneyland "clean." Not simply is this a venue for the efficient whisking away of the detritus of fun—the tons of Popsicle sticks and hot-dog wrappers generated daily—it divides labor into its clean, public face, and its less entertaining, less "magic" aspects. Like the tourist-popular sewers of Paris, this underworld is both alien and marvelous, "peopled" with strange denizens, inconspicuous yet indispensable, supporting the purer city of being above. It is the dream of each beleaguered city dweller: an apparatus for keeping every urban problem out of sight. In fact, though, it reverses the Langian schema. This disciplinary apparatus is not above but underground, a subterranean Panopticon, ready to spring up innumerable concealed passages to monitor and service the vast leisure army toiling at fun up above.

Such reveries of self-discipline are historic. Stuart Ewen cites a variety of sources celebrating the self-modified behavior of visitors to the White City of 1892. "Order reigned everywhere," wrote one, "no boisterousness, no unseemly merriment. It seemed as though the beauty of the place brought a gentleness, happiness, and self-respect to its visitors." Observed another, "No great multitude of people ever showed more love of order. The restraint and discipline were remarkable." And another, "Courtiers in Versailles and Fon-

tainbleau could not have been more deferential and observant . . . the decorum of the place and occasion than these obscure and myriads of unknown laborers." Even Charlotte Brontë, visiting the Crystal Palace in 1851, opined that "the multitude . . . seems ruled and subdued by some invisible influence."<sup>4</sup>

Jeffrey Katzenberg, head of Disney's movie division, suggests that we "think of Disney World as a medium-sized city with a crime rate of zero." Although the claim is hyperbole (petty larceny mainly leads to expulsion from the kingdom, more serious infractions to the summoning of adjoining police forces), the perception is not: the environment is virtually self-policing. Disney World is clearly a version of a town ("Imagine a Disneyland as big as the city of San Francisco," goes a recent ad). And it's based on a particular urbanism, a crisp acceleration of trends everywhere visible but nowhere so acutely elaborated. The problems addressed by Disneyzone are quintessentially modern: crime, transportation, waste, the relationship of work and leisure, the transience of populations, the growing hegemony of the simulacrum.

But finally, Disneyzone isn't urban at all. Like the patent-medicine-plugging actor who advertises his bona fides as "I'm not a doctor but I play one on TV," Disney invokes an urbanism without producing a city. Rather, it produces a kind of aura-stripped hypercity, a city with billions of citizens (all who would consume) but no residents. Physicalized yet conceptual, it's the utopia of transience, a place where everyone is just passing through. This is its message for the city to be, a place everywhere and nowhere, assembled only through constant motion. Visitors to Disneyzone are reduced to the status of cartoon characters. (Indeed, one of the features of the studio tour is the opportunity for visitors to cinematically interpolate themselves into *Who Framed Roger Rabbit?*) This is a common failing in utopian subjectivity, the predication on a homogenized, underdimensioned citizenship. However, it's also true that there's probably no more acquiescent subject than the postindustrial tourist. And there's surely no question that a holiday-maker wants a version of life pared of its sting, that vacationing finds its fulfillment in escape. The Disney visitor seeks and delights in the relationship between what he or she finds and its obverse back home, terrain of crime, litter, and surliness.

In the Disney utopia, we all become involuntary flâneurs and flâneuses, global drifters, holding high our lamps as we look every-



where for an honest image. The search will get tougher and tougher for the fanned-out millions as the recombinant landscape crops up around the globe. One of the latest nodes appears about to be sprung at Surajkund, near New Delhi, where India's first theme park gleams in the eye of the local tourism department. "We have a whole integrated concept of a fun center," as the *New York Times* quotes S.K. Sharma, state secretary for tourism. "Like all big cities, Delhi is getting polluted. It is getting choked with people. People need amusement and clear air."<sup>5</sup>

Marcuse called utopia "the determinate sociohistorical negation of what exists."<sup>6</sup> Disneyzone—Toon Town in real stucco and metal—is a cartoon utopia, an urbanism for the electronic age. Like television, it is a machine for the continuous transformation of what exists (a panoply of images drawn from life) into what doesn't (an ever-increasing number of weird juxtapositions). It's a genetic utopia, where every product is some sort of mutant, maimed kids in Kabul brought to you on the nightly news by Metamucil, Dumbo in Japan in Florida. The only way to consume this narrative is to keep moving, keep changing channels, keep walking, get on another jet, pass through another airport, stay in another Ramada Inn. The only logic is the faint buzz of memories of something more or less similar . . . but so long ago, perhaps even yesterday.

## Notes

### MARGARET CRAWFORD: The World in a Shopping Mall

I am grateful to those who read and commented on this manuscript during various stages of its development—Marco Cenzatti, Kevin McMahon, Diane Ghirardo, and Ed Soja—and to the excellent editing of Michael Sorkin and Sara Bershtel.

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2. Leonard Zehr, "Shopping and Show Biz Blend in Giant Center at Edmonton, Alberta," *Wall Street Journal*, Oct. 7, 1985.
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6. N. R. Kleinfeld, "Why Everyone Goes to the Mall," *New York Times*, Dec. 21, 1986.
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